

STANZAS.

The harvest is past, and the summer is ended, and we are sad.
Gone, gone is the summer—its brightness has fled,
And withered its verdure; its flowers are dead;
Its bloom and its glory have passed away—
Gone, gone is the summer, for ever and aye.

BISHOP SOULE.

Joshua Soule, though not named in the Minutes till the next year, began to travel about this time, under the Presiding Elder of Maine District, and therefore pertained to the present period. He occupies a distinguished position in our denominational history. He was born in Bristol, (now Brown), Lincoln Co., Me., Aug. 1, 1781. About 1795 his family removed to Avon, then a recent settlement, on Sandy River. The Reading circuit extended to this remote frontier, and Enos Mudge and other traveling evangelists occasionally penetrated to it, sounding the word of life among its sparse habitations. "The settlement," says Mr. Mudge, "was new, and his father's house unfinished. Joshua had a precocious mind, a strong memory, a manly and dignified turn, although his appearance was exceedingly rustic." Youthful and untutored as he was, the doctrines of the gospel, as exhibited by the preachers of Methodism, arrested his attention, and he was awakened to a sense of his sinfulness and danger, and in June, 1797, after seeking reconciliation with God, through Jesus Christ, with a broken and contrite heart, he found peace in believing. The fervent zeal and energy of the Methodist itinerants who had brought the word of life to his distant home, found at once a responsive sympathy in his youthful heart, and was congenial with those habits of adventure and exertion to which his life in the wilderness had habituated him. He longed to share their heroic labors, and to go forth "into all the world," proclaiming the joyful sound of the gospel. The divine Spirit selected and anointed him for signal achievements in the church. He felt that a dispensation of the word was committed to him, and that he would be to him as he preached the gospel. The excellent Joshua Taylor, who was Presiding Elder in Maine about this time, perceived beneath the rudeness and rusticity of his appearance those elements of ability and promise which have since distinguished his career, and encouraged him immediately to enter upon his ministerial labors. He was then (1798) but about seventeen years of age. An Academy would doubtless have better befitted him, and would have guaranteed a full repayment, in increased usefulness, for the delay required by a few years of study; but there was absolutely none within his reach, and indefatigable habits of application and observation were at least a partial substitute. He accompanied Mr. Taylor around the District, exhorting after his sermons, exciting general interest by his youth and devotion, and not a little by the contrast which he presented of rustic awkwardness with extraordinary though unpolished talents.

He was received at the next Conference, and appointed, with Timothy Merritt, to Portland circuit. Mr. Merritt, still young and vigorous, was a congenial mind, thirsting alike for knowledge and holiness, and their reciprocal influence could not but be mutually profitable, so far as their continual travels and labors would admit. After carrying one year more in Maine, during which he travelled a circuit on Union River, he passed to Massachusetts, and was appointed in 1801, 1802, and 1803, respectively, to Sandwich, Needham, and Nantucket. In 1804 he returned to his native State, and travelled two years as Presiding Elder of the District of Maine. This was the only District in the province, at that period; he had, therefore, the oversight of the entire Methodist interest of that large section of New England. Thirteen circuits were under his superintendence. His sermons at this time are reported to have been distinguished by breadth of view and majesty of style which, in later years, notwithstanding some abatement through the variety of his responsibilities, have continued to mark with greatness his pulpit efforts. His word was oftentimes in restless power, bearing down upon the large assemblies which collected to hear him, like the storm on the bending forest. He shared fully, during his Presiding Eldership in Maine, the privations and hardships of ordinary itinerancy; long journeys on horseback, over new roads, through vast forests, in the storms of winter; fording dangerous streams, lodging in exposed log cabins, preaching almost daily, and receiving a pecuniary compensation scarcely sufficient for traveling expenses and clothing. These were the tests, however, which made strong men of the Methodist preachers of that day.

Such was the prosperity and extension of the Church, during these two years, that in 1806 it was divided, and its eastern portion formed into a new District, named after the Kennebec River, along which it chiefly extended. Mr. Soule took charge of the latter during 1806 and 1807. The following year he travelled again around the eastern section, then called the District of Maine. During this period, Martin Riddle, Ebenezer Blake, Charles Vignier, Daniel Fillmore, Samuel Hillman, and others of familiar name in our New England churches, were under his guidance. They had hard struggles, but glorious victories in spreading the truth through the wilds of Maine. In 1812 Mr. Soule returned to Massachusetts, and was the colleague of Daniel Webb, at Lynn, but in the following year he was back again, traveling his former District on the Kennebec. He continued there till 1816, when he was appointed Book Agent at New York. He did good service for the church, in this capacity, during four years, especially by the publication of the *Methodist Magazine*, the appearance of which, "even at this late period," says the historian of Methodism, "was hailed by the friends of literature and religion as the harbinger of brighter days to our Zion." Mr. Soule was its editor; his original articles were sensible in thought, and dignified in style, though betraying often those minute intellectual defects which

most destitute parts of the country, where but few books are found, and where such a Document will be of immense service to the rising generation. Friends of the Sabbath, who can consistently do it, are respectfully and earnestly requested to aid us in the prosecution of this great and good work. By so doing, it is believed, they will be instrumental in the promotion of the highest good of mankind.

Anything directed to Benjamin Perkins, Treasurer of the American and Foreign Sabbath Union, 100 Washington Street, Boston, or to O. R. Kingsbury, 150 Nassau Street, New York, will be gratefully received, and faithfully appropriated to the great objects of the Union.

THOMAS S. WILLIAMS, Pres.
JOHN TAPPAN, Moses Grant,
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"STRUGGLED IN PRAYER."

While conversing with a minister, not long since, he made a remark in reference to a pious acquaintance, whom he had known to "struggle in prayer for the conversion of souls." This somewhat singular expression took hold upon my mind, and gave rise to many serious and profitable reflections, some of which I will briefly notice for the consideration of others.

First, Prayer, in order to be effectual, must be earnest and importunate. Such, for instance, were the prayers of Elijah, of Hannah, of Daniel, of the church for the liberation of Peter from prison, of Cornelius, and a host of others which might be named.

Second, I thought of the many professed Christians who were living in daily bondage to their spiritual foes, full of doubts and fears, and yet hoping they should finally get to heaven. "O, thought I, if they would only 'struggle in prayer,' how soon would they overcome, through the blood of the Lamb, and be filled with the perfect love of God.

Third, I thought of poor perishing sinners, who might and would be saved, many of them, if Christians only prayed for them in earnest, in faith, perseveringly. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force,"—the violence of holy importunity, of unyielding purpose of soul which takes no denial, which, like wrestling Jacob, cries out, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." When Jacob thus struggled in prayer, God made him a prevailing Israel. He blessed him, and imparted a spirit of love and kindness to the heart of his murderous brother, who was about to meet him with four hundred armed men.

Finally, I thought of many precious souls who had, from time to time, made some efforts to obtain salvation, but on account of half-heartedness, and unwillingness to "struggle in prayer," had given up to discouragements which they supposed were insurmountable. Should the eye of one dear soul of this description rest on these lines, O be entreated to start anew. Pray on, struggle on, till you find Jesus. Rest assured, if you are in earnest, you will come off not conqueror merely, but "more than conqueror," through Him that loved us." May God help you! B. S.

THE ALGEBRAIST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "HISTOIRES PARABOLAIQUES" OF P. BONVALENT.

A philosopher, accustomed to algebraical calculations, having heard a sermon upon eternity, was dissatisfied with the suppositions and examples proposed by the preacher; and returning home, and retiring to his study, he set himself to think upon the subject, and threw his thoughts together upon paper, as they arose, in the following manner:—

1. Finite or what has an end, compared with infinite, or what has no end, is nothing. A hundred millions of years, compared with eternity, are nothing.

2. There is more proportion between an hour and a hundred millions of years, than there is between a hundred millions of years and eternity; because the least finite makes part of the greatest, whereas the greatest finite makes no part of infinite. An hour makes a part of a hundred millions of years, because a hundred millions of years are only an hour repeated a certain number of times; whereas a hundred millions of years make no part of eternity; and eternity is not a hundred millions repeated a certain number of times.

3. With regard to infinite, the least or the greatest finite are the same thing; with regard to eternity, an hour or a hundred millions of years are the same thing in duration of the life of man, or the duration of the world are the same thing, because both of them are nothing, and nothing admits not of more or less.

All this being evident and granted, I now suppose God to grant you who read this but a quarter of an hour to live, wherein to secure an eternity of happiness, and to avoid an eternity of misery; and, at the same time, should reveal to you that the world itself should come to an end an hour after your death; I ask you, upon this supposition, what account you would make of the world and its judgment? What account would you make of its pains or pleasures during your lives? With what care would you not think yourselves obliged to employ yourselves for God, and every moment of your lives to prepare yourselves for death! O fools that ye are! do ye not perceive with respect to God, with respect to eternity, the supposition I have just made is indeed a reality; the duration of your lives, compared with eternity, is less than a quarter of an hour?

I also make another supposition.—If you had a hundred years to live, and, for your support the whole of this period, must only have what you could carry off in the space of an hour from a treasury of gold and silver coin, the entrance to which should be left open during that hour, I ask, in what would you employ the hour? In sleeping, walking, fasting, or diversion? Doubtless not; but amusing riches, and even in loading yourselves with gold in preference to silver. O fools that we are! we must exist to all eternity, and during this eternity we should have reward secured in time, and during the short space of our lives; and yet we employ not all our time in endeavoring to obtain a great reward.

But you will say to me, During our lives it is necessary to sleep, to drink, to eat, and to take some recreation. I grant it. But what hindrance, like St. Paul, you may do all for the love of God, and thereby obtain a recompense for all? It must be confessed that the passions are so lively, and opportunities so seducing, that it is a wonder there should be one righteous man upon earth;

nevertheless there are such; and this is the effect of the mercy of God, and the grace of the Redeemer. On the other hand, death, judgment, eternity, are too terrible that it is astonishing there should be one sinner upon earth: such however there are; this is the effect of these great truths being forgotten. Let us then meditate, watch, and pray, that we may be of the number of the righteous in time and in eternity.

Such was the sermon our philosopher made for himself, and with which he was so satisfied that he read it every day. He did more; he profited by it, and led a holy life, conformable to the great truth he had continually before his eyes.

THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LIFE OF BLAISE PASCAL.

"Tell me, father, what is meant by Geometry?" Such were the words of a child nine years old, one summer evening, in the year 1632. They were uttered in a large room in a house in Paris, and addressed to a pale, intelligent looking man, in the prime of life. He was seated at a table covered with books, maps, &c., and the shade which deep thought and incessant study had cast over his brow, was dissipated by the well-pleased smile with which he gazed on the upturned face of his little son. It was no common feature to look on; childish as were the questions, mind had stamped them, and a fervent soul looked through those bright young eyes, as the boy anxiously awaited his father's reply.

"Geometry, my child, is the science which considers the extent of bodies; that is to say, their three dimensions—length, breadth, and depth; it teaches how to form figures in a just, precise manner, and to compare them one with another."

"Father," said the child, "I will learn Geometry."

"Nay, my boy, you are too young and sickly for such a study; you have been all day poring over your books—go now into the garden with your cousin Charles, and have a pleasant game of play this fine evening."

"I don't care for the playthings that amuse Charles, and he does not like my books; let me stay here with you, and tell me if the straight and round lines you often draw are part of Geometry."

The father sighed, as he looked at the slight and delicate form and flushed cheek of his son, and taking the little burning hand of his son, and putting aside his books, "Well, Blaise," he answered, "I will take a walk with you myself, and breathe the fresh air, and smell the sweet flowers; but you must ask me no more questions about Geometry."

Such were the first manifestations of Blaise Pascal's intellect—the early dawning of that mathematical genius, destined in a few years to astonish Europe, and would probably have achieved wonders in science, rivaling the subsequent discoveries of Newton and La Place, had he not, while still young, abandoned the pursuit of earthly knowledge, and dedicated all his powers of mind and body to the service of religion, and the good of his fellow men.

His father, Etienne Pascal, was a man of talent, well known, and esteemed by the literati of the day. Having himself experienced the absorbing nature of mathematical pursuits, he did not wish his son to engage in them, until his mind should be matured, and his body in greater vigor—and as Blaise did not again mention the word Geometry, and ceased to linger long in the study, his father hoped that balls and hoops had at length chased circles and triangles from his brain. At the end of a long corridor in Mr. Pascal's house there was an apartment which was only used as a lumber room, and consequently seldom opened. One day he entered it in search of some article, and what was his surprise to see little Blaise kneeling on the floor, and with a piece of charcoal in his hand, busily occupied in drawing triangles, circles, and parallel-grams. The child was so much absorbed in his employment, that he heeded not the opening of the door, and it was not till his father spoke, that he raised his head.

"What are you doing, child?" "O, father, don't be angry; indeed I could not put Geometry out of my mind; every night I used to lie awake thinking of it; and so I came here to work away at these lines."

Having passed some years in these studies and recreations, he suddenly resolved to devote the remainder of his life to an exposition of the Christian religion. For this purpose he returned to Paris, where, amid the interruptions caused by frequent attacks of illness, he conceived and frequently executed a comprehensive work on Christianity, its nature and evidences. This he did not live to complete; but some of its detached fragments, found after his death, were published as his "Thoughts." About this period of his life, he published the "Provincial Letters," which have been characterized by competent judges as the most perfect prose work in the French language. They treat of the points in dispute between the Jansenists, whose cause Pascal espoused, and the company of Jesuits. We have seen the wit and dramatic powers of Moliere, mingled with the sublime eloquence of Bossuet. When the latter was asked which book in the world he would choose to have been the author of, he replied, the "Provincial Letters."

Pascal, at his thirtieth year, already exhibited the symptoms of premature decay. He had been for many years under the care of medical men. Perceiving that the cure of their patient could not be effected, so long as he persisted in the indulgence of his sedentary and studious habits, the physician advised him to take as much exercise as possible, which would at once strengthen his enfeebled frame, and divert him from his mental fatigue. His fondly loved sister, Madame Perier, one morning in October, 1654, accompanied him in his accustomed drive. The strength from the balmy air. He spoke of the folly of national antipathies, and the sin of war.

"Fancy," said he, "a Frenchman addressing an Englishman, and asking him, 'Why do you want to kill me?'—'What!' the other answers, 'don't you live at the other side of the water?' My friend, if you lived on this side, I should be an assassin, and it would be most unjust to kill you; but as you live at the other side, I'm a brave fellow, and feel quite justified in taking your life!"

The gentle and fervent charity of his nature shone forth all the more brilliantly for his bodily sufferings. He gave alms to an extent which appeared folly to his acquaintances. One of them lectured him one day on his imprudent expenditure, which, he affirmed, would bring him to poverty. Pascal smiled, and quietly replied, "I have often remarked, that however poor a man may be when dying, he always leaves something behind him."

The life of Blaise Pascal drew near its termination. A fatal disease was preying upon him, brought on by the intense working of a mighty soul, enshrined in a feeble body. "It is the shell of the worm," said a deep shade of gloom and despondency, arising from physical causes, often clouded his mind. But his sufferings were soothed by the fond attentions of his sister. She brought her family to Paris, and having taken a house near his, devoted herself to him with anxious affection. One day, while still able to walk out, he was accosted in the street by a wretched looking man, holding a little boy by the hand. His countenance showed marks of suffering, and his tale was a sad one. He had been a journeyman shoemaker, and lived happily with his little ones, inhabiting a small house in the outskirts of Paris. A fire broke out one night; his little dwelling, with all that it contained, was consumed. He and his family escaped with their lives; but, from exposure to cold, and anxiety, his wife and two children fell victims to fever; and he, only just recovered from the same disease, was forced with his remaining child to beg a morsel of bread. Pascal's heart was touched by his tale, and not satisfied with relieving his immediate wants, he took him into his own house, and desired him to make it his home, until his health should be re-established, and he should be able to procure work. Some days passed on, and Pascal became rapidly worse; he could with difficulty leave his room, and was forced to discontinue his accustomed walks. His sister's fond cares were indispensable to his comfort; every day she passed into his chamber, ministering to his wants, and learning holy lessons of patience and resignation, springing from love to God, and submission to his holy will. The poor shoemaker also tried by every means in his power to serve his benefactor; and the pleasant laugh and winning ways of his little son George, often soothed and cheered Pascal, who dearly loved children.

The little boy was shortly after taken with the small pox, and as he could not be removed from the house without danger, Pascal proposed to remove to apartments at his sister's residence. He was borne to her house, where, on the 19th of August, 1662, at the age of thirty-nine years, his gentle and humble spirit returned to Him who gave it.

A late English paper contains the following account of the realization, at Glasgow, of the melancholy story of Geneva, and the song of the "Mistletoe Bough."

"Three young boys, two of them sons of Mr. J. Wilson, builder, Gallowgate, and the other, a son of his brother, Mr. Charles Wilson, on Saturday last, were lost. As the rest of the family were down on the water, the boys' absence at first occasioned no great uneasiness, as it was supposed the youngsters, the eldest of whom was about 11 years of age, had set off to join their mother and the rest of the family. As nothing had been heard of them, Mr. Wilson left home early yesterday morning, with the intention of proceeding to Helensburgh, where the family were, to ascertain if the runaways had been there. He had not been long away, when a carrier who takes charge of a horse belonging to Mr. Wilson, went to the stable for the purpose of procuring some provender for the animal. The provender is kept in a corn-chest—a box six feet long, and about three deep, with three separate compartments, and secured on the outside with an iron hasp, which fits into the staple in the side of the chest.

"On opening the lid, the man was horrified at finding the three young boys motionless at the bottom of the chest, each occupying one of the compartments. He immediately summoned assistance, and they were taken out, but it was found that two of them, James Wilson, aged 11, and Charles Wilson, about a year younger, were quite dead, and had been so, apparently, for a considerable length of time. The youngest, a boy between seven and eight years, showed some signs of life, and by prompt medical attendance he gradually revived so as to be able to state what had led to the melancholy catastrophe. The brothers and cousin had gone into the chest in search of beans, and while so engaged, the lid, which, as has been already stated, is secured on the outside by an iron hasp, fitted into a staple, closed on them. In falling, the hasp, as it most unfortunately happened, fixed into the staple, and all the united strength of the poor captives was insufficient to enable them to burst the bonds of what, too truly, proved their tomb.

"On the side at which the youngest boy was found, the lid did not fit so close as the other parts, and to the limited supply of air which had been admitted through this crevice it was to be attributed his preservation. They had endeavored to support each other's courage as well as they could in their dismal dungeon; and before giving up hope, one of them broke the blade of a penknife in the attempt to make an incision through the side of the chest. After they had exhausted themselves with unavailing shouts and cries, which were not heard on earth, they all joined in prayer. This was the last circumstance which the surviving sufferer recollects, as he soon after became insensible. To account for no noise having been heard, it may be mentioned that the wood-yard in which the stable is situated, is locked up early on Saturday afternoon, and is not again entered till Monday morning."

PAY YOUR DEBTS.

The utter recklessness with which the mass of men plunge "head and ears" into debt, is only equalled by the deplorable laxity of morals which at present exists in regard to the obligations imposed by it. Of all the minor evils which curse society, there is none more glaring or intolerable than the procrastination and inordinate reluctance to pay, when it is most convenient, or is absolutely inevitable. But he who pleads as an excuse for withholding payment from a creditor, who is perhaps laboring under extreme suffering and embarrassment, neither inability, nor a wish to prevent a sacrifice of the interests of other creditors, but the wants of his family, is just as virtually and irretrievably a knave, as he who

forcibly seizes possession of an eligible house and lives rent-free for years. No matter how great sacrifices may be required by a rigid and exact compliance with the letter of his solemn obligations, not only would nine-tenths of the immense amount of losses from commercial revolutions, bankruptcies, and extravagance, be avoided, if every man would make it a part of his acknowledged code of honor to discharge every debt at the precise time specified, but he would be doubly rewarded in the increased consideration, respect, and credit to which such scrupulous, high-minded, heaven-attending integrity would entitle him. The poorest punctual man, whose word may be relied on, is in justice held in better credit than a long-winded, procrastinating Cressus. In fact, a young man who enters on life with a resolute, unwavering determination to discharge every liability at the exact day and hour, will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, have acquired an independence at thirty, even if he has amassed nothing but a reputation for promptness and integrity.—Yankee Blade.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW.

Dr. Hales, in his new Analysis of Chronology, gives the following exposition of Jephthah's vow:—

"When Jephthah went forth to battle against the Ammonites, he vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, 'If thou wilt surely deliver the children of Ammon into my hand, then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh out of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall either be the Lord's, or I will offer it up (for) a burnt offering.'"—Judges 11:30, 31. According to this rendering of the two conjunctions, *van*, in the last clause, *either*, or, which is justified by the Hebrew idiom, thus, 'He that curseth his father and his mother,' Ex. 21:17, is necessarily rendered disjunctively (his father or his mother) by the Septuagint, Vulgate, Chaldee, and English, confirmed by Matt. 15:4, (the paucity of connecting particles in that language making it necessary that this conjunction should often be understood disjunctively.) The vow consisted of two parts:—1. That what person soever met him should be the Lord's, or be dedicated to his service; and, 2. That what beast soever met him (if clean) should be offered up for a burnt offering unto the Lord. This rendering, and the interpretation, are warranted by the Levitical law about vows.

"The *Neder*, or vow, in general, included either persons, beasts, or things, dedicated to the Lord for pious uses; which, if it was a simple vow, was redeemable at certain prices, if the person repented of his vow, and wished to commute it for money, according to the age or sex of the person.—Lev. 1:8. This was a wise regulation to remedy rash vows. But if the vow was accompanied with *Cheren*, *devotement*, it was irrevocable, as in the following cases.—Lev. 25:29: 'Notwithstanding no devotement which a man shall devote unto the Lord (either) of man, or beast, or of land of his own property, shall be sold or redeemed. Every thing devoted is most holy unto the Lord.'

"Here the three *vans*, in the original, should necessarily be rendered disjunctively; or, as the last actually is in our translation; because there are three distinct subjects of devotement to be applied to distinct uses—the man to be dedicated to the service of the Lord, as Samuel by his mother Hannah, 1 Sam. 1:11; the *cattle*, if clean, such as oxen, sheep, goats, turkeys, &c., or pigeons, to be sacrificed; and if unclean, as camels, horses, asses, to be employed in carrying burdens in the service of the tabernacle or temple; and the *lands* to be sacred property."

"This law, therefore, expressly applied in its first branch Jephthah's case, who had devoted his daughter to the Lord; or, opened his mouth to the Lord, and therefore could not go back; as he declared in his grief at seeing his daughter, and only child, coming to meet him with timbrels and dances; she was, therefore, necessarily devoted, but with her own consent, to perpetual virginity in the service of the tabernacle; and such service was customary; for, in the division of the spoils taken in the first Midianite war, of captive virgins, the Lord's tribute was thirty-two persons, Num. 31:35-40. This instance appears to be decisive of the nature of her devotement."

"Her father's extreme grief on the occasion, and her requisition of a respite for two months, to bewail her virginity, are both perfectly natural. Having no other issue, he could only look forward to the extinction of his name and family, and a state of celibacy, which is reproachful among women everywhere, and was peculiarly so among the Israelites, and was, therefore, no ordinary sacrifice on her part; who, though she generously gave up, could not but regret the loss of becoming 'a mother in Israel.' And he did with her according to his vow, which he had vowed; and 'he knew no man, but remained a virgin all her life.'"

EFFECTS OF THE ABSENCE OF SUN AND AIR.

Dr. Moore, the eloquent and amiable author of "The Use of the Body in relation to the Mind," says:—"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog, and an infant, deprived of heaven's free light, would only grow into a shapeless idiot, instead of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melancholy idiosyncrasy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is, in almost all places, a marked difference in the healthiness of houses, according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and that those are the healthiest, *ceteris paribus*, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to direct light. It is a well known fact that epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of a street, and totally except those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its action."

THE WAY TO DO GOOD.

A gentleman in Boston, a man of wealth, is engaged in the duties of tract distributor. He has in his district twenty Roman Catholic families. For many months he has visited them, giving them tracts and Bibles, always careful to say nothing reproachful of their religion, and to give them no tract or book which speaks in harsh denunciatory terms of the errors of Popery. And what is the effect of truth and kindness? Already ten of these families attend the worship of God in Protestant churches.—Chris. Watchman.

The way to be famous is to do worthily.

HEART.

crow upon the sterile earth on the withered mouldering ruin; in fresh and faded, and the dying year, when the green, young will, still twine around the old, and crumbling altars and temples of the hu-

Religious Summary.

A Missionary Murdered.—A gentleman belonging to the American Fur Company, and lately arrived in St. Louis, having left Fort Pierre, five hundred miles above the mouth of the Mississippi River, five weeks previous, states, that the Indians, at the time of his leaving, were generally quiet, but during the summer they had committed many heinous and blood-thirsty murders. A short time since, a war party, composed of the Santee and Sioux tribes, passed the head waters of St. Peter's, and, when they reached the head waters of the Platte, they fell upon a Peace village, and in the most cruel manner murdered a missionary preacher who was stationed there, and a number of Indians.

Westleyan University.—By the new catalogue of this institution, we perceive it is prospering. There are now one hundred and eighty students in the College. This is a fair number; but if the young men, fitting for College, would only attend the Methodist Church, all know the real advantage of that excellent institution, its numbers would be much greater. There is every thing in this noble and useful cause to cultivate the mind and heart of the student, and qualify him for honorable usefulness in the world.—N. Adv.

The Difference.—We see it stated that "The Military Academy at West Point has received from the Government more than \$4,000,000. The officers of the United States Navy receive a salary over \$5,000,000 per annum. The ministers of the gospel receive an average of \$500 each. Thus the pay of our naval officers, 1521 in number, equals that received by more than 1000 ministers for all their labors of love."

Missouri Conference.—By a communication to the Richmond Christian Advocate, from the Rev. W. W. Redman, we learn that this body commenced its session in Glasgow, Mo., Sept. 29, and closed Oct. 7. Bishop Capers, on account of affliction, did not reach the Conference until Oct. 1. We attended on trial, 5. Admitted into full connection 5. We admitted on trial, 5. Ordained Deacons 5. Ordained Elders 6. Suppered 3. Two had died. Re-admitted 2. Members in office 9758 white, 1264 colored. 87 Local Preachers. Increase this year 141 whites, 239 colored. Whole 380.

Christians.—A letter in the Era, states that there are about 1,500 churches, and 100,000 communicants of this denomination in the United States. They are mostly confined to the free States, but have some churches in Kentucky, Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina. In Kentucky, among their churches there are no slaveholders, but there are a few in the other States.

Science and the Arts.

Wonderful Telegraph Improvement.—The London Magazine of Science for last month, says that a machine has been invented which will communicate intelligence simultaneously to some forty or fifty British cities—among them Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Hull, York. It can transmit at once to all these places from one thousand to two thousand letters per minute.

The painting by Raphael, known by the name of the Virgin of Loretta, which there are numerous copies, though the original has long been believed to have been lost, or destroyed, has been at last found at Genoa, by the Marquis de Spinola, Grand Chamberlain, and President of the Abruzzi Academy.

The Magnetic Telegraph.—The services of this wonderful agent in length have been called in requisition for the purpose of the telegraph. The second edition of the Magnetic Times of Saturday last, contains a report of a public meeting held at the former city, and at this, we are informed by the proprietors, is the first time that the electric telegraph has been made available for such a purpose.—London Almanac, Aug. 14.

In this country the telegraph has been used for more than two years, as a means of communicating intelligence for the Press. Every steamer has taken to England American newspapers containing reports from almost every section of the country, made "by telegraph," and Americans in England must have made the fact universally known that in the United States the telegraph was extending its service over the whole country. Yet, until within a few weeks past, no steamer had been made use of by the English Press or people.—N. Y. Courier.

The great eclipse of the sun, on the 9th of October, was observed at Liverpool, but there it was not so clear as at London and Paris, where it was, the day was cloudy, so that no observations could be made at the former city, and Paris only on the latter part of the eclipse. This was the only eclipse so nearly central as to be either annual or total in Paris in the 131 years between 1767 and 1900, and perhaps in the course of a much longer period. This eclipse was also similar at Munich, Trieste, and Constantinople. At the first place, the ring was seen beautifully, through the clouds which rendered the use of a dark glass unnecessary.

A melancholy tale of Woe.—The ship Lord Ashburton, which left Liverpool on the 13th of September, arrived at Grosse Ile, below Quebec, on Thursday, having lost on her passage one hundred and seven of her passengers by fever and dysentery, with a large number still on the sick list.

The following distressing particulars we copy from the Quebec Mercury:

To any one conversant with the climate of Canada, the facts we are about to cite will prove how little regard for human life has been had by the inhuman landlords of Ireland, and the parolous authorities of the leading seaports of Great Britain.

On Saturday last, the 30th day of October, the Lord Ashburton, a vessel from Liverpool, freighted with a general cargo of passengers, arrived at Grosse Ile, in a most wretched state. While sailing, her passengers numbered 427, and 22 cabins. Before her arrival at quarantine station, she had lost upwards of one hundred and seven, of dysentery and fever, and about sixty of the remaining passengers were then ill of the same complaint. So deplorable was the condition of those on board, that five of the passengers had been taken to the ship on board of Grosse Ile.

A sister vessel, the Alliance, which sailed from there, and on board her all were embarked, without respect to circumstances—the sickly, the healthy, the tottering, and the dying! On her way up from Grosse Ile to Quebec, five deaths occurred; how many have taken place before she reaches Montreal!

To continue our narration of facts, this same infected vessel has come up to Quebec, and is now alongside a wharf to discharge her cargo!

On consideration, we would ask? If it be not, then was the immediate despatch of that vessel to our quays justified, and the indiscriminate commingling of her passengers in the Alliance a question of no moment. But we maintain the contrary. Under haste has been exercised, and we are surprised that our harbor master failed to do his duty by preventing communication with a vessel which cannot have been purified. To discharge a general cargo how many persons from Mexico to the 20th. Nothing of importance has transpired in the capital, since previous arrivals. The Intelligence of the 1st instant says that the large city yielded without the least resistance. The Mexican government have superintended the evacuation of the city, and the American troops have been appointed in their place. Santa Anna badly protesting against this, he has been in the meantime endeavoring to raise an army, but in the meantime the city of Guadalupe, Alamo, and San Antonio, have been taken by the city of Queretaro (Q.). The city of Mexico was filled with rumors of peace. A quorum of the Mexican Congress assembled at Queretaro. A majority voted in favor of an amicable adjustment of difficulties with the Americans. The city of Queretaro has also surrendered. The city contains a population of 16,000, but yet they had the good sense to surrender, notwithstanding the small force demanding it. Gen. Lane having arrived at Puebla, was joined by Capt. Walker and his command. Both advanced on the Puebla road, till they reached the town of Dreyer, at which place Capt. Walker took his line of march for Mexico, by way of Francisco and Guadalupe. On their arrival at Guadalupe, a sanguinary engagement took place in the streets, between Capt. Walker's force of 250 men, and that of the Mexicans numbering 1600. The result was the total capture of the latter from the former. The Mexicans lost 200 men, and 3 pieces of artillery. The latter were thrown into the river, and the city was captured by the victors, after the achievement of their object, which was the dispersion of the enemy. The American evacuated the place, and marched to Puebla on the Puebla road, which they reached without opposition. They met Gen. Lane, and the American force continued on their march, and entered it in a state of insurrection, and were directed first of military, which caused the enemy retired, and order was restored in every part of the city. Of the 16,000 of whom we have heard so much lately, but few accounts at Telman de los Gremios, having been

Summary of Intelligence.

CAPTAIN WALKER KILLED.—THE CITY OF ATLANTA, TAKEN—SANTA ANNA SUCCEEDED.

NEW YORK BOX OFFICE.—Friday, Nov. 12—7 o'clock, A. M. 3. Arrived at New Orleans, Nov. 7, steamship New Orleans. Dues from Vera Cruz received to 1st November. Capt. Walker, who was killed in a recent action at Huamantla. The English courier arrived at Vera Cruz 31st ult. Intelligence from Mexico to the 20th. Nothing of importance has transpired in the capital, since previous arrivals. The Intelligence of the 1st instant says that the large city yielded without the least resistance. The Mexican government have superintended the evacuation of the city, and the American troops have been appointed in their place. Santa Anna badly protesting against this, he has been in the meantime endeavoring to raise an army, but in the meantime the city of Guadalupe, Alamo, and San Antonio, have been taken by the city of Queretaro (Q.). The city of Mexico was filled with rumors of peace. A quorum of the Mexican Congress assembled at Queretaro. A majority voted in favor of an amicable adjustment of difficulties with the Americans. The city of Queretaro has also surrendered. The city contains a population of 16,000, but yet they had the good sense to surrender, notwithstanding the small force demanding it. Gen. Lane having arrived at Puebla, was joined by Capt. Walker and his command. Both advanced on the Puebla road, till they reached the town of Dreyer, at which place Capt. Walker took his line of march for Mexico, by way of Francisco and Guadalupe. On their arrival at Guadalupe, a sanguinary engagement took place in the streets, between Capt. Walker's force of 250 men, and that of the Mexicans numbering 1600. The result was the total capture of the latter from the former. The Mexicans lost 200 men, and 3 pieces of artillery. The latter were thrown into the river, and the city was captured by the victors, after the achievement of their object, which was the dispersion of the enemy. The American evacuated the place, and marched to Puebla on the Puebla road, which they reached without opposition. They met Gen. Lane, and the American force continued on their march, and entered it in a state of insurrection, and were directed first of military, which caused the enemy retired, and order was restored in every part of the city. Of the 16,000 of whom we have heard so much lately, but few accounts at Telman de los Gremios, having been

Great Curiosity.—The Post states that a Bojeman, or Bushman, from South Africa, the first specimen of the race in this country, is now in this city, and will shortly be exhibited to the public. This race of men, certainly one of the most curious, in their physical constitution and habits, on the face of the globe, inhabit a district of country lying some five hundred miles north of Cape Town. The region of country which they inhabit is mountainous, and difficult to approach. The Bushmen have manifested the strongest dislike to an intercourse with our people. They are exceedingly shy, and always fly at the approach of the white man. They have no cloth, no language, except a kind of guttural utterance, very dissimilar to the ear. Their food consists of reptiles, as lizards, etc. In stature they seldom exceed four feet four inches in height. They live in the bush, having no shelter of any kind, and dress in skins of the reediest description.

Longevity of Women.—We see it stated that the widow of the celebrated Dr. Rush is still living, at the age of 90, in Philadelphia. She is the mother of Hon. Richard Rush, minister to France, and of Mrs. James William Rush, the first of whom is author of one of the most profound and original treatises ever published on the voice. The widow of Lewis Morris, we believe, still resides in the vicinity of New York; Mrs. Madison is in Washington; Mrs. Bradford, widow of the first and greatest attorney general of the United States, is in Burlington, New Jersey; and Mrs. Hamilton, a daughter of his and accomplished friend, Schuyler, was born on a day, and wife of the immortal statesman, was one of the graces of the social circle. What an interesting party, they could be reassembled!—Lit. World.

Efficient Measure.—The Secretary of State for the British Colonies, Earl Grey, has sent out a circular to the governors of the Colonies, recommending the establishment of juvenile schools, at the public expense, by an act of the Jamaica Legislature, and that it should be made compulsory on the colored population to send their children to school.

Wesleyan Academy, Wilbraham, Mass.—The winter term will commence on Tuesday, Nov. 30, and close Feb. 1. Commencement, Tuesday, Jan. 19, 1857. Nov. 11, 1857.

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AMERICAN CATHOLICISM.—Prof. Shepard related at a late meeting of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, a horrible instance of Catholicism among the Ojibwa tribe of Indians, who inhabit the north shore of Lake Superior. The professor had lately been exploring the mining regions in that section, and says he frequently passed on foot and alone, by the hut of one of the tribe, who had killed and eaten his wife and two children. The personal appearance of the savage monster, as might naturally be supposed, was horrible beyond description; and Prof. S. said the idea of being converted into mine-meat by such a hideous animal in human form, sometimes made him shudder as he passed him.

Japan and Europe.—The government of the Low Countries has just communicated to the different Cabinets of Europe, a note with a copy of a decree given by the Emperor of Japan, regulating the manner in which shipwrecked Japanese shall be treated to their country. The note declares that the official communication of this decree has taken place in order that it may be made known to the other nations through the medium of the government of the Netherlands. This fact is remarkable, as constituting the first diplomatic relations between Japan and Europe.

Cruelty to Beasts.—We give the following as an illustration of home-sickening:

The fact of trotting one hundred miles in ten consecutive hours was not accomplished by the Albany mare, owing, it is said, to bad management, in taxing her powers too heavily to do the close. The first fifty miles were done in 4 hours and 37 minutes, and the mare appeared as fresh as at the start. At the 63rd mile, her owner thought she could go the distance in nine hours, and her pace was increased; but, after going the following seven miles within the half hour, she failed gradually, and having accomplished 87 miles and about one-third, came to a stand still, having then half an hour left to win.

A Story Worth Relating.—A gentleman from Chester informs us that Mr. Joseph Robinson, of that town, has an apple orchard, planted and raised by himself, covering but two acres of land, the product of which this year is nine hundred bushels, exclusive of a second picking of inferior quality. Mr. Robinson has sold four hundred bushels for cash, at \$1.00 per bushel—reserving five hundred bushels for a future sale.

Death by Telegraph Wires.—The Cincinnati Signal bears that on the 17th, at Mr. Sawyer's, a young gentleman of high respectability, was riding at a very fast rate to see a female acquaintance in Dearborn county, Indiana, he came against the Telegraph wires, which cut his throat, producing almost instant death. The wires had been lowered for the purpose of making certain repairs on the line.

Disarming the Mexicans.—A correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writing from Washington, October 20th, says: "I have reason to believe that orders have been sent out to Gen. Scott, to take measures for disarming the Mexicans, in all parts of the country, as far as practicable."

Coin in Maine.—It is expected that it will not be necessary to import coin from Picton for the large rolling mill now constructing in Boston, as a vein has been discovered on the St. Croix river in Maine, which is supposed to be a continuation of the great Picton field. Explorations are now going on to prove the supposition.

Monument to President Harrison.—The friends and fellow soldiers of General Harrison, had an informal meeting at Cincinnati a few days since, to consider the subject of erecting a monument to his memory. It was resolved, on motion of Col. Todd, that a public meeting be called in that city on the 6th of November, to consult upon the most suitable means of carrying the design into effect, and all friends of the late lamented President are invited to be present.

Maryland.—Maryland can no longer be numbered among the repudiating States. The late Legislature declared that all arrears of the State debt should be funded on the 1st of October, and the quarter's interest paid on the 1st of January, 1857, in cash. The receipts under the new system of taxation have exceeded the estimates. This makes it certain that Maryland is, in fact, a redeemed State. May the other repudiating States emulate her example.

Canadian Immigration.—Between May 9th, and October 9th of the present year, there arrived at Quebec 91,892 passengers, from England, Scotland, Ireland, and Germany.

New Railroad.—We learn from the Springfield Republican, that a meeting was held at that town on Thursday night of last week, to consider the proposition of making a Railroad from Springfield to New London, Conn. A committee was appointed to consider the matter, and confer with citizens of New London.

Coinage.—From the beginning of the year up to the 1st inst., the amount coined at the branch mint at New Orleans, was \$6,000,000, which \$5,000,000 were in gold. It is estimated that between eight and nine millions will have been coined at that establishment by the end of the year.

Acquitted of Charge.—Young Turner, the teller of the Mechanics' Bank of Baltimore, who was prosecuted as a defaulter, has been declared not guilty by the jury, as he had been expected from the large amount of his defalcations and the respectability of his connections.—Bost. Courier.

Queen Victoria.—The rumor gains credence in circles of the highest authority, of the symptoms of insanity having been decidedly manifested by her Majesty. The well known liability of her family to this cruel malady, strengthens the probability of the report.

Boiling Vegetables and Meats.—In boiling vegetables, they should not be put into the water until it is fully heated, and then there should be no cessation of heat until the cooking is finally done.

But when meats are to be boiled, quite an opposite procedure is to be observed. They require to be put into the water while it is cold; or, in case of fowls, while the water is a little warm; then, instead of rapid boiling, the water should be kept at a moderate heat. By this process the meat is made tender, while by forcing boiling it is hardened and made tough.—Prairie Farmer.

Plenty.—Apples are to be so plentiful in the city and along the shore, that shippers are glad to get clear of them, and the fruit is being sent to the West. Supplies are from New York and the Eastern States.—Phila. N. Am.

The two greatest farms in New England are in Vermont. Consul Jarvis, upon the Connecticut, at Waterbury, has a great farm contained in a single tract of splendid intervals and upland, with twenty barns. Judge Meacham has one still larger at Shelburne, on Lake Champlain.

Fatal Accident.—The balance wheel attached to the engine at the Rolling Mill, broke yesterday afternoon, so that the Providence Journal, and a heavy piece of iron struck one of the workmen, Daniel McCarthy, and killed him instantly. He left a wife and two children.

A young lady named Moore, a resident of Chelsea, was run over by a wagon at the corner of Hanover and Cross streets a day or two since, breaking one of her arms.

Walter A. Bryant, Esq., of Barre, editor of the Barre Gazette, was yesterday admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of the United States, on motion of Hon. Rufus Choate, to Gen. Scott. He will await replies to his despatches, and return to his Washington.

Mrs. Mary Runkle was hung at Whitesborough on Tuesday, at 12 o'clock, for the murder of her husband. She made no confession on the scaffold, but it is said that she made one to Dr. Smith, and to the Under Sheriff, Eames.

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Advertisements.

THE BOOK FOR EVERY CHRISTIAN.

THE MUSIC CHRISTIAN UNDER THE SWARTING ROD. By Rev. Nehemiah Adams, Boston. 257 pp. 15 no. 3d ed. Price 50 cts.; will be published this week.

THE MUSIC CHRISTIAN UNDER THE SWARTING ROD. By Rev. Nehemiah Adams, Boston. 257 pp. 15 no. 3d ed. Price 50 cts.; will be published this week.

EXTRACTS FROM RELIGIOUS PERIODICALS. The abundance, richness, and quaint quality of illustration, is such as will deeply interest the pious reader.—Boston Recorder.

We are glad to see this rich storehouse of consolation to the afflicted Christian re-opened.—N. E. Puritan.

A reprint of a sterling book. It will be a genuine comfort to the distressed Christian, and a source of instruction and consolation to the pious reader.—Ch. Witness.

An ancient but very rare and interesting book, which ought to be in the hand of every child of God.—S. S. Visitor.

A book full of Scriptural and practical wisdom, and abounding with illustrations.—Ch. Witness.

We cordially and warmly recommend the book to the afflicted children of God.—Ch. Witness.

This is a very curious book of the olden time, and cannot be read by the Christian without a good effect.—Ch. Reflector.

This book is a real gem. It is exceedingly rich in thought, and full of instruction and consolation. It is a precious book to the afflicted Christian, and a source of instruction and consolation to the pious reader.—Ch. Witness.

A precious book, which has brought comfort to many of the afflicted children of God.—Ch. Reflector.

This is a reprint of one of those productions of the seventeenth century, of pure gold, which never wears out. It is a precious book to the afflicted Christian, and a source of instruction and consolation to the pious reader.—Ch. Witness.

The subscriber has just received a fine assortment of books, from auction and otherwise which he is determined to sell very low for cash. CHARLES WATKINS, Cheap Bookstore, No. 54 Cornhill.

NEW AND VALUABLE WORK. JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., 23 Cornhill, Boston, announce the publication of

ROBINSON'S AMERICAN ARITHMETIC. By James Robinson, Principal of the Mathematical Department of the Bowdoin School, Boston.

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NEW WORK ON BOOK-KEEPING.

JUST PUBLISHED. "A simple method of keeping books by double-entry, without the formal trappings of the Journal, adapted to the most extensive wholesale or the smallest retail business." By George N. Conner, Accountant, Boston. 2d Edition, (1847), price 62 cts. Blank Books 20 cts.

The unprecedented demand for this work is its best recommendation—upwards of 2000 mercantile firms in the city of Boston having adopted the method, in the short space of one year since its first publication. Numerous testimonials of its excellence have been received from Merchants, Clerks, Producers, Teachers, and the Press. Prof. T. F. Wallcut of Williams' College, Mass., says, "I am glad that you have made the subject so simple and so plain. I think it decidedly superior to any other work on the subject." E. E. Holmes, Principal of the High School, Cambridge, says, "You have been singularly successful in making plain to the comprehension of the pupil every difficult principle of the science." John D. Phillips, Teacher of the City School, Boston, says, "It is evidently a well digested, practical treatise, and such an one as might be expected from an able, practical accountant."

For sale by the Booksellers generally, and at COMER'S ITINERARY COUNTEING ROOM, NO. 17 STATE STREET, BOSTON. This establishment is open day and evening for instruction in Writing, Book-keeping, and the other requirements of a Merchant's Clerk, upon a system of Mutual profit. Students are aided in procuring suitable employment. The NAVIGATION Department is under the immediate charge of a Professor of Nautical Science in the United States Navy.

Sept. 1. 30

EDWARD HENNESSY. DEALER IN CHAIRS AND CHAMBER FURNITURE. NO. 23 BRATTLE STREET, BOSTON; a few doors from Court Street, Boston. A general assortment of Chairs, consisting of Boston Pattern Mahogany Arm Chairs, New Style cane seat office chairs, etc., etc. The volume should be in the store of every business man.—Boston Courier.

A general assortment of cane seat and common chairs, also Rocking chairs and Stools of all kinds, constantly on hand. Wholesale and Retail.

April 28th, 1847. 41

G. W. PRUDEN & SON. FURNITURE, Feather, and Carpet Ware House, No. 43 and 45 Blackstone Street, where may be found a good assortment of

BUREAUX, CARPETS, MATTRESSES, BEDSTEADS, CHAIRS, &c. &c. Also, a large stock of LOOKING GLASSES, COMMON DO. CHAIRS, &c. and all other articles usually kept in a Furniture Store. We warrant the goods to be of good quality, and at as low prices as at any other establishment in the city.

March 3. N. B. Goods leased on the most favorable terms. G. W. PRUDEN, JR.

JOSEPH HOCKEY. WEIGHER AND GAUGER, ALSO, REAPPPOINTMENT OF THE CITY AUTHORITIES, INSPECTOR AND WEIGHER OF BUNDLE HAY, No. 16 (Up State) CITY WHARF, BOSTON. Aug. 25.

IMPORTANT TO TEACHERS.—AND—SCHOOL COMMITTEES.

NEW SERIES OF READING BOOKS, by JORUA LEAVITT. Author of Leavitt's Easy Lessons. JOHN P. JEWETT & CO., 23 Cornhill, Boston, have in course of publication, one of the most valuable and elegant Series of Readers for Common Schools which have ever been offered to the Education of the Young. They are comprised in 4 Books, as follows:

The *First Book*, or *Little Lessons for Little Learners*, containing 72 pages, 18mo., and is illustrated with numerous designs by Mallory, printed on new type, and superior paper, and bound in plain cloth, with gilt sides, making a serviceable, elegant and attractive book. This volume is 12mo., 240 pages, printed and bound in the best manner.

The *Second Book*, or *Leavitt's Easy Lessons*, is a work which has been so universally approved by the best Teachers in New England for 20 years past, that no further recommendation is needed. This is substantially the same as the *First Book*, in its external appearance, however, it is very useful in its contents. The present edition is printed from new type, on superior paper, and is well illustrated with bound in embossed morocco, with cloth sides and gilt title, and is a vol. of 180 pages, 18mo.

The *Third Reader* is of the same general character as the *Easy Lessons*, but more advanced in the degree of their scholarship. The sprightly and attractive style and spirit of the *Second Book* are carried through the *Third*, and a careful selection has been taken in the selection of pieces, to such an extent as to interest the youthful mind, believing that it is next to impossible to teach a child to read well from a heavy, dull, uninspiring Text Book. This volume is 12mo., 240 pages, printed and bound in the best manner.

The *Fourth Reader* is intended for the higher classes in Common Schools, and contains pieces of a still higher character than those in the preceding books. The author has studied over the introduction into this volume of extracts from classic English Literature, and has carefully selected the most valuable and instructive pieces, to such an extent as to interest the youthful mind, believing that it is next to impossible to teach a child to read well from a heavy, dull, uninspiring Text Book. This volume is 12mo., 240 pages, printed and bound in the best manner.

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From Morris and Willis's Home Journal.

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious are the many stars
That gleam on the sea;
But gentle words and loving hearts,
Are better than the finest flowers,
Or stars that ever shine.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
The eyes grow bright, and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And lighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the human heart.
But O, if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Sister OLIVE, wife of George Chatman, died in West Baldwin, Me., Oct. 15, aged 72 years and one month. Sister C. has been a follower of Christ for more than fifty years, and we trust has at last found the sailor's rest. Her absence will be much lamented. May it be sanctified to the afflicted family, and to the church and world. W. Baldwin, Me., Oct. 30. J. JONES.

MISS MARGARET QUIMBY FOLSON died in Strong, Me., Sept. 16, aged 23 years. Sister Folson experienced religion in her youth, under the labors of C. L. Browning, and sustained a reputable Christian character till called to her great reward. She was social, unassuming, and a lover of the institutions of the church. But our loss is her gain. She died in the Lord, and there is hope in her death. M. WIGHT.
Strong, Me., Nov. 2.
Will the Liberty Standard, of Hallowell, Me., please copy.

Sister MARY, wife of Br. Benjamin Britton, died in Strong, N. H., Oct. 9, aged 31. She has been a devoted member of the M. E. Church in this place. Her call was sudden, but found her in readiness. She could now cry, "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" It was the happiest day of her life. One week since she followed her pious mother to her last resting place, and to-day she is laid by her side. Conscious that there was but a step between her and death, she took her farewell leave of her companion, friends, and neighbors, requiring of them a promise that they would meet her in heaven. Then committing her spirit to God, and her friends to his care, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

H. C. HENNIES.

Mrs. HARRIET NEWELL BEDEE, wife of A. G. Bedee, and daughter of Samuel and Alithen Crafts, of Milan, N. H., died in Salem, Mass., Oct. 20, aged about thirty years. Leaving a husband and two young children. Having become pious, she departed in peace to the rest prepared for the people of God. F. A. C.

SLAVERY.

For the Herald and Journal.

SLAVERY—WE HAVE TO DO WITH IT.

Dear Br. Stevens.—The history of our church, in reference to this question, for the few months last past, has been peculiar. Considered by itself, or in connection with the intrinsic nature of slavery, or the transactions of the last ten years, it speaks a language which should not be misunderstood or improperly estimated. Now England has been comparatively inactive and quiet; whether justly or not, each must judge for himself. The contest has been in another quarter, and about matters foreign to the main question, though having an implied relation to it. What the issue will be, time will develop. But whatever disposition may be made of the mere incidental disputes, the question yet remains, and will never be settled till the churches of the free States press it to an issue, or the God of justice comes down to vindicate his own honor. These hot debates about boundaries, church property, &c., have their importance, and so have the various schemes of policy projected by different writers, to paralyze and eventually to remove the "great evil" out of the country. Those who are interested in these questions, will, of course, discuss them. But it will be well for us to remember that they all proceed upon false premises concerning the nature of slavery, and the obligations of the slaveholder, and the country, and can never acquire force enough to resist the cupid and worldly policy which stand opposed to them.

But I will not wander. The object of this paper is to call attention to a single fact, which exhibits one of the fruits of slavery, as it is, not in South Carolina, or Georgia, or any one of the sovereign States, but on our own national territory, under the shadow of our own stripes and stars, where thunders the eloquence of our Websters and Cushings, and Davises—where a Christian nation convenes to acknowledge its obligations to God, and "establish justice." I mean, in the city of Washington. The fact, as cut from the Worcester Transcript, stands thus:—

A BLACK LAW, AND A BLACK TAX.—In compliance with a new ordinance of the corporation of that city, the free colored people of Washington city, without distinction of sex, on Saturday last had to repair to the city hall, and there give good white security, in \$1000 each, for their good behavior for one year, and to pay two dollars each for a certificate that they had given such security.

Do not understand me to present this as slavery. It is not so. It is as much better than slavery as practicable fines are better than imprisonment. It is only one of the fruits of it—one of the resorts to which slaveholders feel themselves driven; the same as lying and murder are the products of theft and robbery. The thief only wants the goods; he has no ill will to the lawful owner. He prefers to tell the truth, but is necessitated to lie and commit murder to carry his points, and escape detection. So the slaveholder. He is kind, in a sense. He would not harm the colored freeman, but he has stolen his wife and mother, and is afraid of losing his prey. He must, therefore, crush the husband and the son, unless he can find a white man who will be his security that he shall not interfere with him in the use of his stolen goods. For if the colored freeman does not give the bond aforesaid, he must leave the city, or be sold into perpetual slavery.

Let us think of this case, and ask ourselves whether slavery is a sin with which we have nothing to do.

J. FOSTER.

FRENCH LABORING MEN.

It was a French artisan who uttered that beautiful saying, "He who labors, prays." We are yet in a dim twilight as to the true dignity of labor. But it shall pass away, and society march on into the broad sunlight. We shall know what it is to work—not to drudge, to make ourselves to over-tasks, to make the physical superior to the mental and moral—but to work so as to command a competence, and with that develop fully all our better powers. Then will he who labors, pray.

The French workmen are, in many respects, in advance of the British, on these subjects.—They are less beset with mere money-getting. They honor their calling more, and have consequently more of personal independence, and self-respect. The thing itself—labor—is with them a virtue, as well as a blessing, and they hail the toil as the man who is doing most for his race.

We find a beautiful instance of their large spirit recorded in the Anti-Slavery Reporter of London. Victor Schoelcher was anxious to get through with the publication of his great work, "The History of Slavery." The Easter holidays were near, and, not to lose time, he offered the workmen a gratuity if they would labor upon it during their continuance. Hear their noble reply:—

"The Easter holidays will not be allowed to interrupt the composition of your book; you will, therefore, receive without interruption, the necessary proofs. As to your generous proposition, the compositors deem it an honor to work without any gratuity for the holy cause which you so ably defend."

These are men of heart. They feel, and act out, bravely, the higher instincts of our nature. Nor do they this, in a harsh or narrow temper. It was the workmen of Paris that petitioned for the immediate termination of slavery in the French West India Colonies, and the Reporter says, "we rejoice to know that they need no stimulus to future and increased exertion, to promote the liberty and happiness of their fellow men.—Louisville Examiner.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

FAITH IN GOD.

There was once a man to whom God spoke, and told him to leave his home, his town, and his country; and go off into a strange land, and live under a tent, and never again have a home. The man asked no reason, but obeyed. After this, he had a son, his only son. God told him that this son should live and grow up, and should be the forefather of great nations, millions of people. But after this, God told this man to go and take this boy of his, and take his wife, and burn up his body with fire. God gave him no reason for this direction. The good man prepared to obey. He got the wood ready to burn the body of his dear child; he bound his hands and feet, and put out his hand, and took the knife with which to take his life. God then told him not to do it, but to take a ram which he would find close by, and kill him. This was faith in God, for Abraham (for that was his name, and you will find the whole account in the 22d chapter of Genesis) obeyed God, because he believed God was wise, and holy, and good, though he could not understand why he told him to do this.

Suppose you had lived while the children of Israel lived in Egypt. And suppose you had walked out some pleasant day, just at night, down towards the river. Look now, and see what is before you. Yonder is a cluster of tall trees, and just under them is a little cottage or hovel. They are poor folks who live there. See, the house is small, and has no point on it, no windows, nothing about it that looks comfortable. This hovel is the home of slaves. The man and the woman are poor slaves. But just look in. What is that woman doing? See her weaving a little basket with rushes, which she has gathered from the banks of the river. See! she weaves as she twists every flag; and by the moving of her lips, you see that she is praying. She has finished it. Now, watch her. Do you see her go to the corner of the room, and there kneel down, and weep, and pray over a beautiful little boy? See her embrace and kiss him. Now she lays him in the little basket; now she calls her little daughter, and tells her to take her little brother, and carry him, and lay him down by the cold river's side. There! now she takes the last look of her sweet babe; now she goes back weeping into the house, and lifting her heart to God in prayer, while her daughter goes, and carries her dear boy, and leaves him on the bank of the river. What will become of him? Will the crocodiles eat him up?—or will the waters carry him off and drown him? No, no. That poor mother has faith in God; and God will take care of her son. The king's daughter will find him, and save him; and that little infant is to be Moses, the leader of Israel, the prophet of God, and the writer of much of the Bible! This was true faith in God.

Faith in Jesus Christ is a strong belief in him; such a belief as will lead us to obey his commands. We believe there was such a being on earth once as Christ; that he did the miracles told of in the Testament; that he was holy; that he spoke the words and the promises told of in the Testament, as coming from him; that he died for sinners, and rose from the dead, and is gone to heaven, and now lives there, and is doing good to his people. We believe all that is told us about him in the Bible. And if this belief or faith is good for anything, it will cause us to love to read the Bible, to obey Christ, to love him and to serve him, because he will reward his people for every deed they do, and punish those who do not obey him.

Suppose, as a good old writer says, you should fall into a river, which was deep, and where the water ran swiftly, and you were almost drowned; and a man should run to the bank of the river, and call to you, and throw you a rope. This would be just like our Savior. We are all perishing in the "deep waters" of sin; and Christ throws us the rope, and calls to us to take hold of it. Now, this taking hold of the rope is faith. Faith makes us take hold of Christ, just as you would take hold of the rope, when drowning. He draws us out of the deep waters; and when he has done it, we love him, we thank him, and we obey him.

But I wish to tell you in a few words, what good faith does for us.

1. It makes us obey and serve God.

No one will serve God by leaving off sin and doing his will, unless he has faith to believe that he will reward all who are good, and punish all who remain wicked. Who would get any good from the Bible, if they have no faith in it? Who would try to govern the temper, the tongue, the words, and the thoughts, if they did not believe that God will bring every secret thing unto judgment? No one. But if we believe what God has told us in his Word, we shall be very careful to do what God commands us to do.

The sailor goes away on the great waters, and works hard and faithfully, because he has faith to believe the captain will pay him. So we must have faith in the promises of God, if we would serve him and please him.

2. Faith makes us do good.

The apostles went every where preaching the gospel, though they were hated, and stoned, and put in prison, and put to death, because they believed God, and had faith in his Word that whoever will repent, and love Christ, shall be

saved; and whoever will not, shall be lost for ever. It is the faith which led them to endure such sufferings, and leads good men now to go to the lion's den, and preach to them, and die among them. It is faith in God that leads good men to preach, to have Bible Societies, and to make great efforts, and take great pains, to have all men every where know and believe, and obey the Bible. It is this faith which leads the praying mother to come to the bed of her little child, and hear him say his prayers before he shuts his eyes in sleep. It is faith that comforts the dying mother as she leaves this world, and leaves her dear children behind without any mother. I once visited a dying mother, who had this faith in Christ; and after she had called her children around her bed, and had taken each one by the hand, and had given each her advice, and her blessing, and had bidden them Farewell, and was then too much exhausted to speak aloud,

"She made a sign To bring her babe; 'twas brought, and by her placed. She looked upon its face, that neither smiled Nor wept, nor knew who gazed upon it; and laid Her hand upon its little breast, and sought For it—with look that seemed to penetrate The heavens—unutterable blessings—such As God to dying parents only granted For infants left behind them in the world. 'God bless my child!' we heard her say, and heard No more. The angel of the covenant Was come; and, faithful to his promise, stood, Prepared to walk with her through death's dark vale. And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still— Too bright for ours to look upon, suffused With many tears, and closed without a cloud. They set as sets the morning star, which goes Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides Obscured among the tempests of the sky, But melts away into the light of heaven!"

Todd's Lectures to Children.

MINISTERIAL.

For the Herald and Journal.

IMPROVPTU;

ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE VENERABLE DANIEL NICKERSON, OF ORRINGTON, ME.

BY HIS OLD BROTHER AND FRIEND, E. HEDGE.

A pillar in the church is now removed,
Long known, well tried, for half a century past;
By God and man has been well approved,
Since he lay in God's holy people's cast.

At first, through diffidence, he hardly dared
Improve the gifts imparted by God's grace;
To exhort, advise, or offer up a prayer,
Or call his friends religion to embrace.

The word of God became his sole delight,
Experience added learning to his tongue;
His evidence grew clear, and strong, and bright,
And listening souls upon his accents hung.

For modesty distinguished, and good sense,
In deep experience and judgment sound;
High in attainments, without vain pretence,
Well versed in Scripture, and in views profound.

His words were pure, and seasoned well with grace;
Discreet and safe in counsel, and secure;
And with propriety he filled the place,
Assigned him in the church, with motives pure.

Brother, farewell! for thee I cannot grieve,
For thou art called with God in heaven to rest;
And there thy crown of glory to receive,
And dwell for ever with the happy blest.

Thy work was done, and well, and done in love;
Thy Master will to thee award the prize;
Thy starry crown with pure radiance glow,
And songs of triumph wait thee in the skies.

'Tis mine with resignation here to wait,
Till wisdom infinite shall see it best
To call me home into that better state
Where Christian pilgrims find their final rest.

'Tis three anticipations looks to find
Those who have battled in the holy strife,
Who were, while here, united heart and mind,
In all essential to the Christian life.

Their objects, joys, and conflicts, all were one;
Their strife was holy, kindled up by love;
Exciting each the heavenly race to run,
With pious ardor to the goal above.

Farewell!—I'll come when Jesus gives the word,
When God shall give the honorable discharge;
When I will take the pleasure of my Lord,
I'm on parole, and waiting now his barge.

Heaven's barge, the life boat, which will ride at ease,
Amidst death's terrors, and its stormy blast;
Never founders on death's boisterous seas,
But safely makes the heavenly port at last.

There on those shores await the heavenly throng,
To welcome those who have the victory won;
To join with them in their triumphant song,
Where we shall greet departed NICKERSON.

All glory to the great Redeemer's name,
Through whom alone such glorious hopes are given;
To those departed, and to the same,
A glorious home to rest with Christ in heaven.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

LAST HOURS OF CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

The memoir of this lady contains the following account of her death-bed scene:—
"She arrived at Ramsgate at half past six, and went to a hotel, as the apartments she was to occupy on the West cliff were not yet ready. She was fatigued and exhausted, and immediately retired to rest; and her delight was great at finding that, as she lay on her pillow, she had a full view of the sea and entrance to the harbor. On the following morning slight bleeding commenced, which soon became alarming, and a surgeon was immediately called in. He succeeded in stanching the hemorrhage, but not before much blood had been lost, as it was one of the larger blood-vessels that had now been invaded by the cancer. Mr. Ayres, the surgeon, made some remarks on her tranquility and resignation, to which she replied, 'It is the love of Jesus that sustains me.' She now grew very faint, and Mr. Ayres's attention was unremitting. She said, 'My flesh and my heart fail me, but Jesus does not fail me.' A little weak wine and water somewhat revived her, and she said to Mr. A., as he left the room, with some energy, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus?' and showed pleasure when he gave a sign of assent. She then bade those around her kneel and pray; 'pardon, and acceptance; nothing more.' Her kind Jewish friends, Mr. and Mrs. Mayers, had heard of her arrival, and immediately came to see her. She was too feeble to speak much, but was just able to tell them that Jesus upheld her, that he was her only hope and refuge.

Toward evening she rallied, and during the whole night was calm and cheerful, even to playfulness; but hardly an hour passed without the words, 'How very good He is to me!' When the midnight train had arrived from London, she was a little disappointed at finding that Mr. Herin, her medical attendant—to whom a special messenger had been sent, on the occurrence of the bleeding—could not arrive till the next day, and remarked that she did not think she should live to see him.

Early on the morning of the 12th a marked change was apparent in her countenance—her breathing became somewhat oppressed, and at eleven o'clock she suddenly exclaimed, 'It is death!' Mr. Ayres was instantly sent for, and confirmed the truth. She seemed to suffer no pain—no sigh or groan escaped her; her countenance was calm and happy, and she kept her eyes steadily fixed upon her husband, following his every motion, and showing uneasiness if for a moment he left her side. Life seemed slowly ebbing away. Once again her eyes brightened, her husband was leaning over her, and throwing her arms round his neck, and pressing his lips to hers, she exclaimed with intense emphasis, 'I love you!'

All thought that these were her last words, but it soon became evident that she was gathering her remaining strength for a mighty effort; and then, with death in every look and tone, gasping between her words, but with a loud, clear and distinct voice, she uttered these words:—'Tell them,' naming some dear Jewish friends—'tell—that Jesus—is the Messiah—and tell!'

Her hand had forgot its cunning; her tongue was clanking to the roof of her mouth—but Charlotte Elizabeth had not forgotten Jerusalem. The breathings grew fainter and fainter—her brow was slightly convulsed—and at twenty minutes past two she fell asleep in Jesus. She had changed her husband, two months before her death, never to lay her in a vault, but in a simple earth-dug grave, and in a perishable coffin, disliking all attempts to avert the almighty decree, 'Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.' On visiting the lake Mullinger, in 1837, where her beloved brother had been drowned, she brought from its banks a simple plant, which she preserved in her various gardens, and latterly in a flower pot. This she charged him to plant on her grave, over which no stone was to be laid, but the spot to be marked by a plain head-stone, dictating the epitaph, which, with the addition of the date, has been thus inscribed:—

HERE

LIE THE REMAINS OF

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH,

BELOVED WIFE

OF

LEWIS HYPOLYTUS JOSEPH TONNA,

WHO

DIED ON THE 12TH OF JULY, MDCCCXLV.,

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

CHAPULTEPEC.

Chapultepec having been captured by the Americans, after the most resistance ever made by a Mexican army, the following account of this place, from the New York Sun, cannot fail to prove interesting:—

Chapultepec is the Aztec for "Grasshopper's Hill." It is a porphyritic rock, rising near the former margin of the lake that surrounded the city of Mexico, and is one of the places designated by the Aztecs where they tarried on their migration from the North, in search of a final resting place. Their oracles had foretold that such resting place would be denoted by their seeing an eagle devouring a serpent on a rock, and at Chapultepec this prediction was verified. From it they beheld the eagle on one of the rocks in the lake, devouring a serpent. The event was at once symbolized in their records, and subsequently represented on their flag and the coin of the nation. The hill is surrounded by a belt of noble cypress trees, one of which, known as Montezuma's cypress, from having been planted before or during the reign of that Prince, measures fifty-one feet in circumference. Chapultepec was the favorite country residence of Montezuma and his courtiers. It contains the remains of gardens, graves, tanks, and groves, which bear evidence of its past magnificence. Here Montezuma retired from the heat and dust of the city, to enjoy all the luxuries that wealth and power could procure or art devise. It was selected by the Spanish Viceroy as the most beautiful place in the valley of Mexico for a royal residence, and the modern palace (lately a military school) was built by the Viceroy Alvarez. From this place one has a charming view of the whole valley, the Capital, the lakes, and the volcanic mountains which rise in the distance like a great wall surrounding the enchanting picture. In Anglo Saxon hands this valley may be made as impregnable as Gibraltar.

Bombs or cannon planted on the hill of Chapultepec command the city, the principal roads, and the aqueduct. Hence, the attack and capture of that point by Gen. Scott before making any demonstration upon the city. Once on the hill, the taking of the city could be effected without serious loss of life.

THE MIDNIGHT JOURNEY.

A farmer in one of the Western counties in England was met by a man, whom he had formerly employed, and who again asked for work. The farmer (rather with a view to be relieved from his importunity than with any intention of assisting him) told him he would think of it, and he should be found. Time passed on, and the farmer entirely forgot his promise. One night, however, he suddenly started from sleep, and, awaking his wife, said he felt a strong impulse to set off immediately to the county town, some thirty or forty miles distant; but why he had not the least idea. He endeavored to shake off the impression, and went to sleep again, but woke a second time with such a strong conviction that he must start that instant, that he directly rose, saddled his horse, and set off.

On his way he had to cross a ferry, which he could only do at one hour of the night, when the mail was carried over. He was almost certain he should be too late, but nevertheless rode on, and when he came to the ferry, greatly to his surprise found that though the mail had passed over a short time previously, the ferryman was still waiting. On his expressing his astonishment, the boatman replied:—
"O, when I was at the other side I heard you shouting, and so came back again."

Having crossed over, the farmer pursued his journey, and arrived at the county town the next morning. But now he had not the slightest notion of any business to be transacted, and so he returned home by the same route, and at length entered the County where the assizes were being held. The prisoner at the bar had just been, to all appearance, proved clearly guilty, by circumstantial evidence, of murder; and he was then asked if he had any witnesses to call in his behalf? He replied that he had no friends there, but looking around the Court amongst the spectators, he recognized the man to whom he had applied for work; the farmer was instantly summoned at the witness box, and his evidence proved, beyond the possibility of doubt, that at the very hour the prisoner was accused of committing murder in one part of the county, he was applying for work in another. The prisoner was, of course, acquitted, and the farmer found that, urged on by an uncontrollable impulse, he could neither explain nor account for, he had indeed taken his midnight journey to some purpose, notwithstanding it had appeared so unreasonable and causeless. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."—Churchman's Companion.

TRADE OF EASTERN AFRICA.

The January number of *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* contains an article on the subject of commerce with the eastern coast of Africa. It is here stated, that of late years, few besides American vessels have visited that shore from Sofala to Cape Guardafui, though it is free to all nations; and that they are now reaping a lucrative harvest from their enterprise. A rich reward also awaits any adventurous spirit who shall penetrate into the coy regions of the interior, beyond the shore line of coast. The principal articles of traffic purchased of the native caravans which come down to the sea are gold and gold dust, ivory, civet, ostrich feathers, apocrites, and wax; and these are purchased at mere nominal prices, in barter for jewelry, glass ware, beads, blue calico, &c. This trade has been carried on from the time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Sofala being the Ophir mentioned by Solomon, whence the Tyrian merchants derived most of the valuables in use at that remote day. Cotton of a superior quality grows wild in this region; while coal is found in abundance—and every incident seems to invite the enterprise and the capital of the merchant. The immense demand of the natives for manufactured articles of dress, and for other purposes, would open up an extensive traffic for the products of the earth. The author of this paper thinks that "a rich mercantile harvest is assuredly in store for those who shall unlock the portals of the Eastern Coast, and spread navigation upon waters that have heretofore been barren;" and that the slave-trade, causing the most devastating collisions between the natives—would be done away by the combined efforts of merchants in that quarter. If the articles of traffic so much coveted by the natives could be placed within honest reach by other payments than human flesh, or if they could purchase them with the products of the soil, the hands which should cultivate it would never afterwards be sold. Legitimate commerce would soon accomplish more than any direct effort to put down the slave-trade. In Cuba, the slave who is bought for the value of twenty-eight cents in the interior of Africa, sells for six hundred dollars! With such an extraordinary inducement for this unhallowed profit, how is it possible that this nefarious traffic can be subverted by any other means than by the spread, through these remote regions, of the influence of civilization, as derivable from commerce?—Cape Town Mail.

THE PRASLIN MURDER.

Louis Philippe and the Queen have made a personal visit to Marshal Sebastiani, the unhappy father of the murdered Duchess de Praslin. So completely did this unprecedented drama take possession of the Parisian mind, that notes of invitation could scarcely be written without a mention of it. A fashionable lady thus phrased her request for the company of her friends to tea:—"Madame de L.—I hope for the pleasure of your company, on Saturday evening, August 21. The Praslin murder will be the principal topic of conversation, and some details will be given which have not appeared in the published reports."

A note has been made public which was written by the Duchess on the evening of the night of the murder. It was addressed to her intimate friend from girlhood, the Marchioness de Sainte-Croix. She says:—She had arrived in town, fatigued, indisposed, and unhappy as usual, but that she could not go to bed without saying good night to her friend; that she wrote this *en chemise*, and would only add that she should expect her at 11 o'clock the next morning.

A sister of the Duke de Praslin hastened to Paris on hearing of the murder, but feeling that she had not the strength to meet her mother without first seeking support from Heaven, she made her way to the neighboring church of St. Roch, to kneel a while at the altar. As she was ascending the steps, a news-vender, passing the church, shouted at the top of his voice:—"L'assassinat de Madame la Duchesse de Praslin!—le suicide de l'assassin!" In this horrible cry, the unhappy sister of the assassin dropped senseless upon the threshold of the church, and was with difficulty restored to animation.—Home Journal.

THUS IS LIFE.

If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought to our memories. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few as they pass to their pleasure or their work. But no one will miss us, except our immediate connections; and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we sat beside them.

Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they will soon be gone. In a few years, not a living being can say, "I remember him." We lived in another age, and did business with those who have long since slumbered in the tomb. This is life. How rapidly it passes! O, blessed are they who are held in everlasting remembrance.—Presbyterian.

EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

We wish sometimes that a few wise and large-minded Southerners would visit the West Indies, and let us know, in their view, what are the fruits of Emancipation there. The accounts are contradictory in a certain way. Yet from all that we can learn, the colored people, as a whole, are doing well, and where they can obtain land, securing their independence.

Very much stress is laid on the decrease of sugar, &c., by the *Charleston Mercury*, as showing that emancipation works badly. This, in our view, amounts to nothing. There is no harder work than sugar making. The freed slaves, having an opportunity to find other employment, would naturally avoid it. And after all, the question is not, whether more or less of an article is made, but whether the general well-being has been advanced by emancipation? Viewed in this light, we have read no author, and spoken to no traveler, English or American, who does not pronounce emancipation a blessing. Why, if it is otherwise, are the planters in Guiana, &c. &c., so determined to have it.—Louisville Examiner.

PARTRIDGE, THE WEATHER PROPHET.

An English paper tells a pleasant anecdote of Partridge, the celebrated almanac maker, about one hundred years since. In travelling on horseback into the country he stopped for his dinner at an inn, and afterwards called for his horse, that he might reach the next town, where he intended to sleep.

"If you will take my advice, sir," said the ostler, as he was about to mount his horse, "you will surely be overtaken by a pelting rain." "Nonsense, nonsense," exclaimed the almanac maker, "there is a sixpence for you, my honest fellow, and good afternoon to you." He proceeded on his journey, and sure enough he was well drenched in a heavy shower. Partridge was struck by the man's prediction, and

being always intent on the interest of his almanac, he rode back on the instant, and was received by the ostler with a broad grin.
"Well, sir, you see I was right after all."
"Yes, my lad, you have been so, and here is a crown for you; but I give you on condition that you tell me how you knew of this rain."
"To be sure, sir," replied the man. "Why the truth is, we have an almanac at our house called 'Partridge's Almanac,' and the fellow is such a notorious liar, that whenever he promises us a fine day we always know that it will be the direct contrary. Now, your honor, this day, the 21st of June, is put down in our almanac as 'settled fine weather; no rain.' I looked at that before I brought your honor's horse out, and so was enabled to put you on your guard."

TAKING THE DEVIL BY THE HORNS.

"Kirwan," the far-famed correspondent of the New York Observer, thus relates a wondrous miracle performed by himself:—
"Near my father's residence was a wood in which a man was once killed. His ghost was regularly seen after dark. I never passed through that wood without crossing myself, and saying Hail Mary. And I assure you I never saw the ghost. After dark, in the spring of the year, I was sent on an errand to a neighbor's house, which was separated from ours by two or three fields. As I ran along I saw through the magnifying twilight, what was obviously an evil spirit. I stopped suddenly, and the sweat commenced pouring. Naturally of a resolute spirit I thus reasoned: if I run back, he can catch me; if I go forward, he can but catch me. So after saying my Hail Mary, and crossing myself, I went forward with a trembling step. As I advanced, the horns of the fiend became perfectly obvious. Almost dead with fear, I rushed forward and caught hold of them. And marvellous to narrate, those fiendish horns were instantly turned into the handles of a plough!"

THE SABBATH IN SCOTLAND.

A characteristic anecdote is published, illustrating the reverence in which the Lord's day is held in the land of Knox.
The Grand Duke Constantine, during his tour in that region, visited the islands of Staffa and Iona in the Shearwater. It chanced that he arrived at the latter on a Sunday. The stern old keeper of the cathedral keys refused to unlock the gate and admit the party to see the tombstones, for that would, in his opinion, have been to desecrate the Sabbath. In vain did Captain Robinson ask impudently whether he was aware who the illustrious stranger was who he refused to gratify. Donald "didda exactly ken." He supposed "from what folk said, it was only the Emperor of Russia. But he wadna gie up the key to his own Queen on the Lord's day. There was a power aboon, superior to onie earthly power, and he couldna gie up the key."

A WORD TO PARENTS.

The other day a lovely girl, (about ten years of age) daughter of Mr. Solomon Stevens, of Barnet, lost her life in a very singular way. She was passing on the bridge in her native village. A team was passing at the same time, dragging a heavy piece of timber, the hind part of which, by some unlucky jerk, struck her, knocking her through the railing of the bridge, and precipitating her into the current of the stream. The bridge is situated at the head of a water fall; which, judging by the eye, may be about 75 feet of descent, at an angle of 75 degrees. The dear child was dashed down this awful precipice, from ledge to ledge, and over one dam, and lodged in a lower dam, from which she was quickly taken—but life was gone! Next morning, having occasion to pass through the village, the heart-rending tidings met me as I was entering it. Deeply affected with the painful intelligence, I turned aside to look at the mortal remains of my little affectionate friend, and mingle my prayers and tears with the overwhelmed family. The first gust of sorrow over, the parents led me to the apartment where the corpse of the lovely girl lay. My eyes affected my